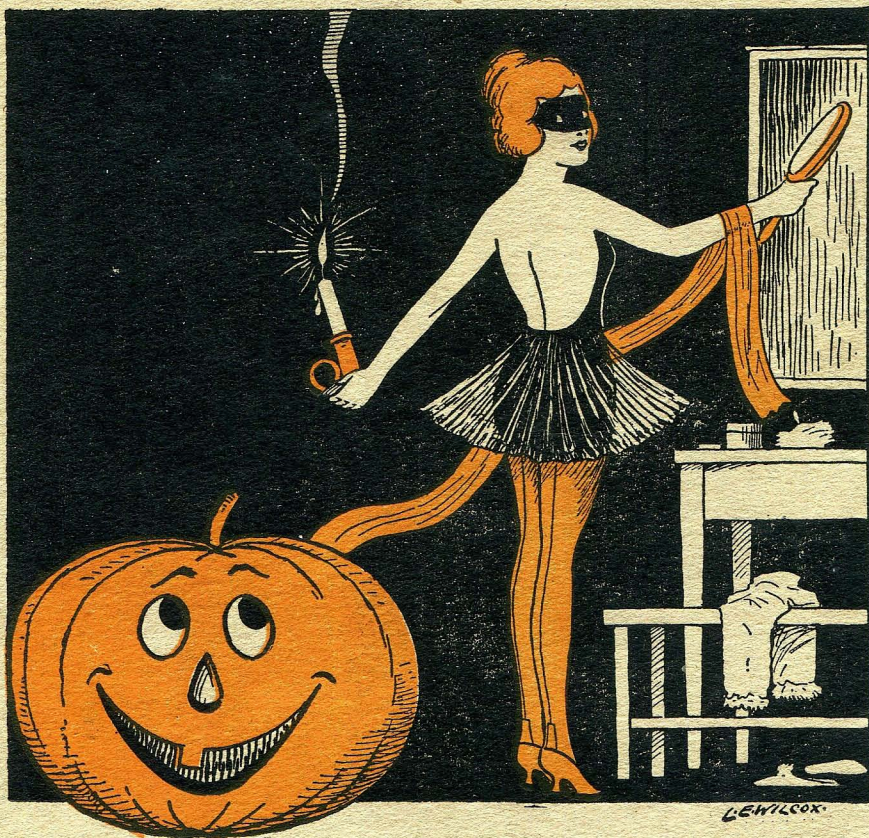


# THE Quirt

Vol. 2

OCT., 1921

No. 32



*“Some Pumpkins!”*

25 Cents

- -

Year \$3.00







# THE QUIRT

VOL. II.

OCTOBER, 1921

NO. 32

## TWENTY YEARS OF LUCK.

—Q—

**T**WO railroad engineers were taking their habitual smoke in the shade of the roundhouse before going out on their respective "runs".

The talk had died away to an occasional query and cryptic answer, when the elder one asked with a twinkle in his half-closed eyes:

"Bill, what's your idea of always lettin' out that un-Godly screech as soon as you swing 'round that curve by your house? 'Fraid your wife won't know you're comin' in?"

"That's jest it, Sam", replied the other with a slight tilt of his chin. "You see, Maggie and I have been married four years and I always tear off an extra bit of noise when I'm comin' in from my run, so's she'll be ready for me," adding with a bit of pardonable pride: "she's always waiting down at the track for me. Come to think of it, Sam, you have to run right past your house—closer than I do to mine. Why don't you give 'r a toot, so's your old woman can have supper ready?"

Old Sam spat thoughtfully. "I've been married more'n twenty years, Bill," he drawled. "I used to toot 'er up just as you're doin', but I quit. 'Stead of blowin' off any excess steam, I shut 'er down as soon as I round that curve. Just as quick as I hit the cinders, I start for home. I knock like hell on the front door and then run around to the back. I keep a club under one end of the porch, and Bill, I ain't missed a man for dumber nigh twenty years."



# THE QUIRT

J. M. NEAR (The Old Man)  
Editor and Publisher

Office of Publication, 420 So. 6th Street  
Editorial "Den," 803 31st Ave. North  
Minneapolis, Minn.

Three dollars per year in Advance, United States and Canada.  
Six Months Sub. same as Yearly—Don't Want 'Em.

Live Newsdealers handle it at 25 cents per Copy. Dead Ones  
Can't at Any Price.

Entered as second class matter, April 18, 1920, at the post office  
at Minneapolis, Minn., under the Act of March 3, 1879. 

## THANK YOU, PARSON

—Q—

Albany, N. Y., August 10th, 1921.

Dear Sir:

I picked up, yesterday, for the first time, a copy of the *Quirt* and I am wondering if you'll mind if even an anonymous communication goes to you to say "Three Cheers?"

This letter is anonymous for obvious reasons. I happen to be a Protestant clergyman, hence I am *supposed* to be the deadly enemy of most of the things you stand for. But really, I am not. I believe in Life and Youth and Freedom and I abominate both cant and prudery. While my good wishes may not mean much they are yours.

Sincerely—"K."

—Q—

When a woman marries a man, she's satisfied with taking his name, but when she gets a divorce, she insists on taking everything he ever had.



## PERHAPS APPROPRIATE

—Q—



LD FATHER TIME punched the clock suddenly on a traveling salesman who was sojourning temporarily in Cleveland, Ohio. The relatives were notified by wire and promptly telegraphed the undertaker in charge, as follows:

"Spare no expense. Prepare elaborate floral design, bearing the inscription 'Rest in Peace' on both sides and if there is room 'We Shall Meet in Heaven.' "

Business called the head of the cadaver establishment out of town before the arrival of the relatives' message and his assistant took charge.

With the telegram as a pattern, he produced at the funeral a floral design that made Cleveland teeter. The ribbon was "extra wide" alright and the inscription read:

"Rest in Peace on Both Sides, and If There is Room, We Shall Meet in Heaven."

—Q—

"Oi hear yez wife is sick, Moike?"

"She is thot."

"An' is it dengerous she is?"

"Not now, me b'y—she's too wake."

—Q—

"Patrick!" admonished the parish priest, "you should never hit a man when he's down."

"Howly Jasus! Fayther, an' do yez expict me to spind an' hour av harud woruk gittin' Clancy down widout givin' him wan swate trimmin' whoile Oi hav th' chanst?"


—Q—

Many a man who has cast "sheep's eyes" at a pretty girl discovers later that he has had the wool pulled over them.



## THAT EVIL "ROOT"

—Q—

 ONE of the funniest sights in the world is the sight (and sound) of a minister declaiming against the evil of that awful "root"—*money*. If you were endowed with the faintest trace of humor at your birth, you can't help but smile. If the Great Cause of your existence left out your portion of "see-it-and-grin" ingredient, then you pull down the blinds, nail up the shutters and when Joy knocks, there's nobody home, when your pet parson leans far over the safety rail of his pulpit and bellows that "money is the root of all evil."

It is meet, proper and socially safe to look serious when he barks. Others have done it for many centuries and were you to grin instead of pulling a graveyard expression over your face, the spell might be broken.

I know *your* minister. He's soft and solemn and seldom smiles. Life to him, is a serious matter and death is worse. To him, the past is filled with wrecks—the future with rocks on which every bark must some day, crash. He never tries to see the broad channel through which every ship guided by the steady hand of Justice has sailed and will eternally sail—the channel of Common Sense.

And he roars at you from his pulpit, this minister of *yours* about "money, the root of all evil."

Over to his left, on a small table, there reposes several plush-lined trays. Just in their rear, you will notice two or four elderly gentlemen whose faces are strung out from their pompadour to the second button of their cut-a-way vest. You can tell by the hopeless look in their eyes that they will soon be called upon to tackle that evil "root." Sure enough!

From somewhere in the rear's gloom, a sepulchral voice announces that "the collection will now be taken."



I abhor pain. My blood chills and my heart aches at the suffering of my fellowmen and as the elderly gentlemen arise wearily to their feet and with their dumb faces turned pleadingly toward the silent pulpit, I turn my face away. It must be awful—that sensation of bucking the root-line with nothing more formidable than a plush covered platter.

And then, as I gain courage to raise my eyes, I see the minister gazing fearlessly in the direction from which he expects the root to come. His countenance fairly shines. My heart starts beating again. The man's bravery is inspiring. As the smaller roots drop softly on the plush, and the brave old warriors swing in on the home stretch, I find myself grown bold enough to smile at this "routing of the root."

Down the aisle they come. Opposite my varnished plank they stop. Not endowed with the cool courage of the pulpiteer or the colossal bravery of the four plushiteers, I shrink back in horror—as my neighbor with a shirt stud worth the price of a flivver, bravely drops a lead quarter in the camouflaged pie-plate.

At last it is ended! Back on the small table the two or four plush platters repose—with their evil contents plainly visible.

My neighbor's lead quarter has struck an acquaintance with an outlawed beer check. A nickel-plated washer cuddles up close to a dilapidated coin of questionable vintage. A Canadian "shin-plaster" worth 80 Yankee cents, droops dejectedly as it rubs corners with a cigar coupon. Verily the root is "evil."

The minister's eagle eyes see what my materialistic orbs have lamped. Turning again to his audience, he announces his text and then roars (so it sounds to me) angrily, that "money is the root of all evil."

Involuntarily, I slide my hand into my wallet pocket.



Involuntarily, I turn my eyes congregationward. I am not alone. Every other hand is stealthily groping walletward. I find myself smiling in unison with the bunch. Thank God there's enough of the evil root left to buy gasoline! The preacher didn't get it all!

—Q—

### Morning Exercises for Business Man

Rise 7 A. M.

Stand in the middle of room, raise arms slowly overhead, take deep breath, and say: "Damn the government," lowering arms in attitude of despair. Ten times.

Extend body flat downward on floor, cover eyes with hands, kick heels, think of the railroads and weep, till dry.

Kneel, wring hands, meditate upon the labor unions, and groan 150 times.

Assume sitting position, hands on hips, sway gently to and fro and concentrate on the P. O. D. until a generous frothing at the mouth sets in. Till exhausted.

Collapse on floor. Grovel vigorously, think of the income tax, and gnash teeth as in anger. Ad lib.

Note—Observe this simple regimen every morning before breakfast and you will reach the office with most of the cares and troubles of the day already out of your system.—Commerce and Finance.

—Q—

### Signs and Wonders

In Greenwich, Conn.: "Kids cleaned, any size, ten cents. Bring 'em in." Between Minneapolis and St. Paul: "Midway Harness Co., Manufacturers of Second-hand Harness." In Milwaukee: "Always at your service. Wm. P. Hug." In Chicago: "C. Schor, Sand and Gravel."—Chicago Tribune.



## PANCAKES AND PAJAMAS

—Q—

**T**HE gang had just braced up against the fodder rack and the stately head hash slinger had caught his second wind, when it happened.

Down the aisle they came—six pajamma'd patrons.

The head-hasher's lower jaw flopped against his wish-bone. He started to yell for help, but the yell dwindled away to a gurgle.



Half of the sextette were males, the other half were "beautiful young ladies gorgeously dressed." That's what ailed the hasher's squawker!

This happened in Paris. At one of the swellest "ham-and" joints along the Bois de Boulgne, which same being translated into our native jargon means "Boy, the bologna!" or hot-dogs—either one, depending on whether the lunch counter is in the spaghetti quarter or up on fricassee chicken row.

Knives dropped with a clatter. Mouths stood agap. Champagne dripped from carefully groomed military moustaches, like a fog off a cypress limb. No one moved—they couldn't.

Down the row of tables the "undressed kids" paraded. At the last table back, they halted. They had to—there wasn't anything in front of them but the rear wall; they had emulated the "Charge of the Light Brigade" and were ready for rations.

As the three "beautiful young women" bowed politely—almost backing out of their bloomers in their Gaston-



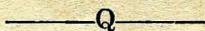
Alphonse eagerness to be the last one down—the crowd broke and the grand march started.

One of the males has his chest decorated like the show window of a stamp and stencil merchant. The medals for bravery hung so thick they over-lapped each other. He had “charged” everything from a Hun machine gun nest to his latest supply of b. v. d.’s. And then it all came out in a torrent of parley-voo:

The trio of couples had grown weary of humdrum Parisian life, with its leg shows, bare waltzes and shimmie balls, so they decided to try “dining in pajamas” at a public cafe.

The result shocked even the staid old New York *World* into having the affair cabled and copyrighted, with the result that only that timid sheet and this great family periodical have mentioned this latest fad of the Frenchies.

If the disease ever acts like the “flu” and whisks across the pond, we will soon witness the spectacle of a pajama’d horde or a shirt-tail brigade perched upon the high stools of our lunch counters or sprawled all over the broad arms of our dairy lunch chairs. If it becomes general, we may expect to wake up some morning and find the human race breakfasting a la nymph. Let us pray that the disease will not become chronic unless among the jaded jackasses of our jaundiced aristocracy.



I always wondered why a Chicagoan’s voice rattled when he talked—I know now:

There’s so blamed many chunks of soft coal floating in the air that his pipes fill up and when he starts chirping, the bituminous clinkers rattle against the lining of his anhydrous neck.



## MADE 'EM FOR TWENTY-FIVE!

—Q—



HY work, Riley, when for twenty-five smackers one can purchase a genuine "doctor of divinity" certificate, guaranteed to separate a widow from her last spring pullet in any state and in any locality—where the combination of widow and spring chicken can be found, or—

If you preferred to be a "doctor of laws" the opportunity was yours, providing always that you had the jack. No matter which trail you took, you parted with your iron men, donned your purple and hit for the fattest job—and the least work.

This "doctor" factory operated for some time in Denver. It was quite a "time" in Denver, to be candid about it. When the parson-making grist was plentiful, fresh preachers were thicker in Denver than violinists are said to be in "fiddler's green." They got so thick at one time, that there wasn't chickens enough to go 'round and some of 'em had to trek to San Francisco, and Berkeley, California.

And the devil of it was, they were all of one "faith, one desire, one creed"—Presbyterian. Perhaps that's why the authorities finally got wise to the game and clamped down the lid.

Now if I were going to start manufacturing preachers at the bargain price of twenty-five measly plunks per parson, I'd use more than one chute and one iron. Why not make 'em all at one plant and use a runnin' iron on 'em as they shot for the chicken coop?

The Presbyterian "Centennial State University of Colorado" promoters grandeloquently announced in their literature that their permit to put the finishing touches on a batch of ministerial timber every few days, was a "perpetual



charter from the state of Colorado." They seem to have been mistaken. It was no more "perpetual" than a thousand other games of gouge. It was perpetual, in that it is perpetually sprung on the gullible and it never fails to work. "One is born every minute, and none ever die."

But after all, what's the difference whether your church hires a preacher that only cost twenty-five dollars to make, or one whose old dad squandered half that many thousands to unfit him for a useful occupation? Gimme the "Centennial" kind every time! If one didn't like his gabble, one wouldn't mind kicking twenty-five plunks out the front gate where one *would* hesitate before putting the boot to a chunk of ten thousand dollar bric-a-brac.

—Q—

A political speaker, during his emulation of a Spanish athlete before his old home-town audience, attempted to wax pathetic. Swabbing the advance guard of a saline drop from his eye he quavered: "Standing before you tonight, on this platform erected upon the commons where as a boy I used to play, my heart seems young again. But as I look across the vast throng, my eyes miss many of the old faces that I used to shake hands with"—and then he wondered why the crowd left.

—Q—

### Easily Proved

Johnny—"These pants that you bought for me are too tight."

Mother—"Oh, no, they aren't."

Johnny—"They are too, mother. They're tighter'n my own skin."

Mother—"Now, Johnny, you know that isn't so."

Johnny—"It is, too. I can sit down in my skin, but I can't sit down in my pants."—Boy's Life.



## C. DENNIS!

—Q—

Ben Simpkins bought a Jew's-harp to start a brass band—he already had the brass.

—Q—

A man wishing a tooth extracted was directed to go to Dr. Payne in the Hurt building.

—Q—

School teacher asking a colored boy a question in history.

Teacher—Who was the greatest man that ever lived?

Colored pupil—(Emphatically) Booker T. Washington.

—Q—

If a young man engaged to marry was to die would his future wife be a future widow?

—Q—

When we study about the Evolution of Man we wonder if any of our ancestors were killed in coco nut battles.

—Q—

He—I never could drive fast with one arm.

She—Dearie, don't you think we had better slow down?

—Q—

If a young couple fell in love in the summer and were married in the winter would there be an off spring in the fall?

—Q—

I see where the reformers have had a case of assault and battery filed against Jack Dempsey. Home, James, the grave yard is just around the block.



## BLUE SUNDAYS.

—Q—



HEY are out to make the Seventh day, a deep, indigo hue. By "they" I mean the Blue Sabbathiers—the more holy than thou hypocrites. They tell us that churches and religions are not being paid the respect due them or paid them in years gone by. Grape-Nuts Post made broad use of the trite expression, "There's a Reason."

As in Grape-Nuts, so in religion. The reason is not hard to find:

Religionists, since the first clan held services under a roof, have ignored the longing in men's hearts for the beautiful and free. Their histories bear mute witness to the fact that theirs has been a career, a history, if you choose, of expression and suppression. Theirs has been a narrow, dogmatic creed. To broaden, was to destroy it and so they held it in its narrow groove. When perchance it slipped off its narrow-gauge track for a short time, rest assured, it was moved from its course by the hands of an heretic—never by the hands or through the efforts of its sanctimonious leaders.

It is a fact too well known to require repetition here, that when the church had power, and I except *no* orthodox or unorthodox religion, it used *force* to increase its membership and every known instrument of torture to increase the death rate among men and women who refused to gulp down its nauseous gump.

In the so-called "union of church and state" the state is subordinate to the church and the right of the fanatics to enforce obedience to their canonic laws is not, cannot, be questioned.

Every law placed upon the statute books of *any* country, compelling the observance of a creedist's law, is a step taken backward—one step nearer to Inquisitorial horrors.

Whenever the "statesmen" of *any* country, enact a law



that makes it obligatory that you or I observe or refrain from observing, a certain religion's custom or day, those "statesmen" have placed a shackle upon our limbs and forced a gag between our lips. There are no exceptions. *Any* law, whether it compels the observance of a so-called "Sabbath day" or whether it compels man, woman or child to attend or stay away from the services of any church or creed, *is a blow against human liberty.*

No man, no god, no law, has a right to say that I shall spend the church-manufactured "Sabbath" in a "house of Gawd" rather than in a baseball park, no more have it or they a right to say whether I shall eat my soup with a spoon or drink it out of a dipper. It's none of their dambusiness *how* my life is spent, so long as in the spending of it, I respect the rights of my fellow man.

This obsession that a man's life belongs to a god and a church or a creed, is erroneous—wilfully wrong and hatefully malicious. My life belongs to me—your life to you. My leisure hours are mine—I have no right, god-given, or man, to dictate to you *how* you shall spend yours, and I deny you the right to regulate my leisure.

Make no mistake about this: We are free moral agents—every human being on the face of the earth. If it be that we are, at the finish, to be held accountable for our acts by a god that history has recorded as being devoid of any spirit of forgiveness, then it is we, as individuals, who must answer to Him—not to any lantern-jawed churchman on this planet.

The so-called "blue Sunday laws" are not being formulated and enforced because of any churchman's frantic desire to save you from a brimstone-sulphur bath—not at all! These laws are not being placed upon our statute books to appease the wrath of any god, *but to force you to obey the mandates of the frocked rascals of pulpit and secret chamber—to compel you, by force, to do that which their rotten logic has failed to induce you to do, of your own volition.*



Don't be simple enough to believe that God cares in what place or how you spend the seventh day.

If there be a God, He will be just as tickled to have you spend your "Sabbath" in recreation or cleanly sport, as He would if you sat six weeks in a stiff-backed "phew," with your heart crowding your "Adam's apple" and your hair standing straight up.

I'm not "attacking religion"—I'm applying the "Golden Rule." I want the church to treat me as I am willing to treat it: Lay off me—let me alone—myself and my fellow men who love country more than church; flag, more than Deity; nature, more than creed. As we would be done by—that's all. Not as we will be "done" if a few more "blue laws" are rammed down our necks.

—X—

### Provoking

He was a green Scottish lad, and one of his duties was to answer the telephone. When first called on to the usual query, "Are you there?" he nodded assent. Again the question came and again and yet again, and each time the boy gave the answering nod. When the question came for the fifth time, however, the boy, losing his temper, roared through the transmitter: "Man are ye blin'? I've been noddin' ma heid aff for the last half-oor."

—Q—

### An Indolent Worm

Two miners went on a fishing expedition. But they were novices at the game.

"Hoo are ye gettin' on, Jock?" asked one.

"Och, simply rotten!" was the reply. "I don't believe my bloomin' worm's trying."—London Tit-Bits.



## NOT REPAIRED

—Q—

**T**HREE Northern "drummers" were ordering breakfast at a small hotel in a South Carolina town. One ordered coffee, toast and eggs. Another ordered coffee, toast, bacon and eggs and the third said:

"I'll take the same as this gentleman but eliminate the eggs." The colored waiter's jaw dropped a little but he started for the kitchen. Stopping half way to the door, he stood for a moment thoughtfully scratching his head. Finally he came back to the table and asked in a most apologetic manner, "Boss, 'scuse me, please, but how did you'ns say you wanted dem aigs?"

The "Yank" saw his chance. "I said I wanted them *eliminated*" he snapped, "can't you understand plain English?"

The darky bowed almost to the floor. "Yes suh, Ah undestan's now" and he backed away.

Presently he came hurrying in from the kitchen almost out of breath.

"Mistah," he queried appealingly, "wouldn't yo' jes ez soon hev dem aigs fried 'r boiled, 'r sumthin?"

"No I wouldn't, snarled the Northerner, adding as though regretting his asperity, "I am on a strict diet and have to have my eggs eliminated!" "Dat am what Ah tole de cook," said the dusky hasher "but she sais to tell yo' dat jest yisterday she don drap de 'liminator an' broke de handle off. 'Course she don ordered a new one, but it cayn't git here 'twil tomorrer, so she'd lak 'mighty wel for yo' t' tak yo' aigs sum uthah way today, suh."

—L. J. Bliss.



## THE A. A. OF A. A.

—Q—

**T**HEY had the goldingdest time not long ago, down at Hampton Ponds, a summer resort near Westfield, Mass., when the prudes-platoon undertook to clamp the lid down so tight it pinched, on bathing costumes.

Such of the Hampton Ponds female bathers who hadn't grown old enough to have wrinkles on their legs and cal-

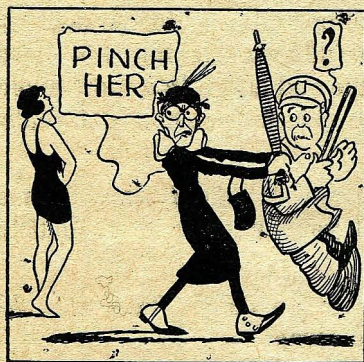
louses on their knees, were having great sport doing the "endurance test" act along the beach with nothing in particular on except a "one piece" bathing suit.

Occasionally that one piece would get wet. When it did, the shrinkage was more than a commission buccaneer charges a North Dakota farmer on a carload of green wheat.

One night it rained along the H. P. beach and the whole crowd got wet—bathers and all.

There was enough cloth to "go around" but the perpendicular effect was simply shocking. The next morning the amalgamated association of asinine apes met and resolved against parading along the beach in any sort of costume unless it protruded above both arms and protected corns and bunions from sun rays and gimlet eyes.

The A. A. of A. A. had their way. They usually do, if you'll read their tracts and watch the moral barometer fall. The A. A. of A. A. is not confined to Hampton Ponds, Mass. It is found in every locality. Its prudery is as painful in one place as another; its theory as impossible; its methods as vicious; its progress as merciless as when its





ancestry applied the torch to faggot piles, turned the crank on rack and thumb-screw and chanted psalms as they burned "witches" at the stake.

Their creed is gloom; their hue, stygian; their hell a torment; their heaven, a torture. They grin only at the death gasp of human joy and cackle with glee only when laughter's music is silenced by their dastardly laws.

But back to Hampton Ponds:

One Saturday afternoon the A. A. of A. A. learned that there would be a one-piece party staged along the bathing beach and they prodded the police force into action. That is, they tried to prod but their prodder wouldn't work. Every man on the force complained of acute trachoma or a spavined eye. When it was explained to them that their most strenuous labor would consist of pinching each "one piece" bather, every man placed his right palm firmly against his dry-flask pocket and took oath that neither he nor his ancestors had ever lamped a glimpse of raw anatomy at Hampton Pond.

Cajolery nor coercion would move them to make a pinch, though they finally agreed to rush the one-piece element and order them to "dress up and move on." They did the rush act, but the "dress and move on" order was as completely ignored as is every judicial order ignored by every corporation.

The more the rural coppers gesticulated, the faster the one small piece bathers shook their hoofs. The louder the "ofisers" ordered, the louder came hisses from the curb-stone crew. It ended up without a pinch being made unless some "maid" was pinched by a naughty copper as she skipped through the crowd.

At the close of the entertainment, the amalgamated association of asinine apes—the "reform" element—tossed off a few fits and yowled themselves hoarse. For the re-



mainder of the bathing season, the damsels with dimpled limbs will be free to disport themselves in one-piece suits on Hampton Ponds beach, but by the time next season opens, the A. A. of A. A. will have gathered their long-haired clan and into the ears of congress and through the corridors of senate they will pour their howl and horde, until they have accomplished the massacre of another human liberty—the right to bathe without being chaperoned by a flat-footed copper.

—Q—

### A SAD WEEK

—Q—

The year had gloomily begun,  
For Willie Weeks, a poor man's

SUN.

He was beset with bill and dun,  
But he had very little

MON.

"This cash" said he, "won't pay my dues;  
I've nothing here but ones and

TUES.

A bright thought struck him and he said,  
"The rich Miss Goldbricks, I will

WED.

But when he paid his court to her,  
She lisped but firmly said, "No,

THUR!"

"Alas!" said he, "then I must die,  
I'm done! I'll burn! I'll drown! I'll

FRI."

They found his gloves and coat and hat;  
The coroner upon them

SAT.

—G. J. Liebst.



## LOST IN TRANSIT

—Q—

**T**HE old deacon had been a rugged old rascal as well as a general favorite in the community and the announcement of his illness created something of a sensation in the little village.

So numerous were the anxious inquiries regarding his condition that the attending physician advised that hourly bulletins be posted on the post office bulletin board. The first one read:

“10:00 A. M.—Deacon Jones seriously ill. Relatives sent for.

“11:00 A. M.—Deacon Jones sinking.

“12:00 M.—Deacon Jones no better.

“1:00P. M.—Deacon Jones unconscious.

“2:00 P. M.—Deacon Jones still unconscious. Doctor declares recovery doubtful.

“3:00 P. M.—Deacon Jones sinking rapidly. End is near.

“4:00 P. M.—Deacon Jones is dead and gone to Heaven.

The little throng dispersed and when a Boston “drummer” tried, at 5:00 P. M. to purchase a stamp for cash, with no one to wait upon his wants, he couldn’t resist the opportunity to help the good Deacon’s cause along, by adding:

“5:10 P. M.—Great excitement in Heaven: Deacon Jones not arrived yet.”



## A GARDEN OF EVES

—Q—

**W**HEN Adam woke up—after that rib-extracting operation and found what the Creator had made out of it, he was a tickled man—but he didn't insist on another operation.

When he found out that he was to have a Garden with just one Eve, he let out a whoop of joy that started the monkeys chattering and did a buck-and-wing all the way from the operating table to the woodshed.

If Adam was only on earth today!

He'd understand what a small spud he actually was. He would sneak into a gimlet hole and pull the plug in after him, for:

At one of the most "exclusive" summer resorts in France, there's a whole Garden of Eves—scads of 'em—more than any Adam would ever want or eat apples for.

They don't make Eves out of ribs any more—they *take the raw material from the movie world, our very best society and from a few smaller sources of supply.* Instead of chloroforming an Adam with a stone hatchet and then gouging out a rib with an ice pick, the modern Eve-maker, picks out a plump set of legs, a supple waist, a pair of big eyes, an ample bust, plenty of golden hair (for clear days) and dark brown or black (for all other weather conditions) and a skull that is all but empty, and from that conglomeration he manufactures Eves for every occasion and in almost any amount.

This French "Garden of Eves" Adam is a bucko named Herbert—Capt. Herbert of the French opera, if you please. No other he-person is even permitted to look over the fence. The only time Adam-Herbert ever leaves the garden is when the Eves grow restless and shoo him away for a few minutes.



So, Rosco, you had as well save your transportation expense, 'cause you couldn't get in if you got there.

The primary cause of all these Eves in one place is the fast changing designs in bathing suits.

A bunch of stage "beauties," spavined "princesses," and softheaded American "sawsiety" girls who didn't have anything else to do except swap bathing suits and lollagag around on the hot sand all summer, discovered when the bathing season was almost over that they had shifted surcingles and suspenders too often, with the result that their backs and busts resembled a zebra colt—the marks were all there, only some were more fully developed than others.

They couldn't hold their social positions and wear anything above the waist, and they couldn't stop to explain to all the syphilitic snobs of the masculine gender, the why of all the zebra pattern, so they did the next best thing:

They opened the Garden of Eves. As the society blue print provides for and insists on, a chaperon, they phoned over to Herbie and ordered him to report at the garden gate.

When the gang got wise to Herb's new position, they almost mobbed the front entrance. Every lop-eared burro from the Seine to the Alps wanted the job of "Adaming the Eves." To date Herb has managed to stand them all off.

O, yes, you ladies wanted to know what these modern Eves wear during their "Garden hours?" You know what the original Eve wore? Well, this Parisian flock discarded the fig leaf the first afternoon. The only thing they wear is a coat of tan. For exercise, they recite poetry and turn somersaults. Herb is "poetical censor" and athletic instructor—also the most envied man in all France.



## PICKING UP!

—Q—

**E**VERY little thing is picking up since the return of "normalcy."

Previous to some time ago and possibly in a more remote age than that, one couldn't be a good Methodist and know the ace of hearts from the nine spot of clubs; and if one confessed to understanding the difference between

pinochle and five-hundred, there was certain to be a church trial and a speedy "conviction." All this has changed, since Doc Wilson put Democracy on the free list and Volstead forced the hooch merchants underground.



Anciently but not long ago, if a Methodist expressed respect for an actor or a longing to see Mary Pickford in

"reel life" or if one shook a foot on a dance floor, rasped a horse hair bow across a set of catgut strings on the instrument that made Ole Bull the most famous Hiberian of the lutefisk country, there was always a gapping void in the M. E. ranks. Again, all this has changed.

The M. E. rank and file are getting fretful in their straight-jacket. It is broadly hinted that unless Bishop Joe P. Berry, who tightened up the lacing some twelve months ago, doesn't let out some slack, there will be a Bishop out gunning for a job, P. D. Q.

"A further sign of the impending change?" I hear someone ask. Alright, Brother, here it is:

Over on Bay View, Michigan, early in August, the



Methodists were holding a camp meeting—one of the old brand, where the Devil isn't given a show for his white alley. No sooner does one valiant orator finish trampling all over the fire-proof countenance of His Satanic Majesty, than another husky parson starts kicking the shins of Job's backer in the world-famous boil contest. This proceeding and entertainment is kept up until Old Nick gets disgusted and moves on.

When the Bay View M. E.'s were right in the thick of the linguistic shrapnel and Satan had just let out his second appeal for an armistice, one of the "criers" shouted through a slit in the tent, that some son-of-o-gun had raided the dressing rooms of the sisters and made off with all the silk lingerie that wasn't in use or at the laundry.

The fight ended right there and the Devil started for Iowa via the Lincoln Highway (the Devil's own road). A hurried search was made—no, Hiram, not for the lingerie thief, *but for the owner of a quart bottle of old Scotch whiskey that he had refused to take*—being a "dry!"

I can remember the time, and I guess you can, when the best you could find to drink at a camp-meeting was a concoction composed of one faded lemon, a half-barrel of water, a quarter's worth of brown sugar and a wooden paddle—the latter being kept for the purpose of slapping a fresh pucker out of the lonesome lemon, every afternoon.

Times have changed, I tell you! A quart of hootch at a Methodist camp-meeting when you and I were regular attendants, would have been the signal for Gabe to toot his bugle.

And silk lingerie! Say, Bo, "there ain't none uv us who kin recomember thet fur back. It wusn't there. Our Maws didn't have it and Sis didn't know what it was. If they had uv knowed, we'd hev hearn 'em tell about it, eh?"



Am I opposed to Methodism? I am not! I love 'em all. I love everything on earth that can provoke a laugh or produce a state of mind that will allow a thief to steal lingerie and leave good hootch behind. Life's too short to view through gloomy glasses. Too many of us think the war-tax on a smile costs more than it does to purchase crepe for a laugh and for that reason, if for no other, I'm mighty glad that Bay View thief was a prohibitionist.

I am also glad—but we'll pass that up! Maybe most of it was in the laundry.

—Q—

### Her Father's Business

"And what is your father's business, my little girl?" questioned the long, lean, lanky miss at the girls' school. The new arrival shifted uneasily from one foot to the other.

"Must I tell?"

"Yes; you must give the information to the School Board."

"May I whisper?"

"My father makes worm holes."

"Does what?" said the teacher in astonishment.

"Makes worm holes. He works in an antique furniture factory and he has to make the worm holes in the furniture."

—Q—

### One Too Many

"You love my daughter?" said the old man.

"Love her," he exclaimed, passionately. "Why I would die for her. For one soft glance from those sweet eyes I would hurl myself from yonder cliff and perish—a bruised mass upon the rocks two hundred feet below."

The old man shook his head. "I'm something of a liar myself," he said, "and one is enough for a small family like mine."—London Tit-Bits.



## POLITELY

—Q—

*"Go to Father," she said, when I asked her to wed;  
She knew that I knew that her Father was dead,  
She knew that I knew what a life he had led,  
She knew that I knew what she meant when she said,  
"Go to Father."*

———Q———

A pupil in a Geneva, Ohio, high school defined the word "spine" as being, "a long, limber bone. Your head sits on one end and you sit on the other."

—Q—

"What little boy can tell me the difference between the 'quick' and 'the dead?'" asked the S. S. teacher. Willie waved his hand frantically.

"Please ma'am," he piped shrilly, "I know. The 'quick' is the ones who git out of the automobile's way an' the 'dead' are them that don't."

———Q———

*Little Willy had a mirror and he scraped the mercury off,  
Then he ate the shiny substance, thinking it might cure  
his cough,  
And his mother, in relating the sad tale to Mrs. Brown,  
Said it was a "cold day" for little Willy when the mercury  
went down.*



## TEN COMMANDMENTS FOR WOMEN

—Q—

By Rev. "Golightly" Morrill of Minneapolis



HOU shalt have no other Gods before me," of family, housekeeping, pin-money, matinee idol, fashion and bridge with its gambling, wine-bibing and cigaret-smoking.

II. "Thou shalt make no image or likeness of God," in any symbol which degrades him, in the charm on thy neck, the suggestive picture in thy art-gallery, the walls of thy imagination, or the engravings which thou hidest under lock and key to destroy thy modest spirit and place thee in the outcast class thou wouldst not permit to enter thy doors.

III. "Thou shalt not take God's name in vain," in slang, trifling, foolish and idle words, offensive to God and man, when thou describest a ribbon, a dance, a masher who bowed to thee, or the mouse which ran near thy feet.

IV. "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy," and not spend it in getting up late, or going to church to show thy new bonnet, making thy overworked and underpaid servant stay home to get the biggest dinner of the week, after which thou takest a nap, and an auto-ride, and goest to the cafe, and to the theatre, having made no provision for the culture of thy mind or the conversion of thy soul.

V. "Honor thy father and thy mother," and see that thou work them not for support in thy single luxury or married idleness, calling them old and fageyish, leaving them out from thy plans and pleasures, and looking for the time when thou shalt return from the cemetery to find what legacy they have left thee.

VI. "Thou shalt not kill," thine unborn babe, or thy living child with unkindness or cruelty; thy husband by talking too much, dressing too extravagantly, appearing



like a lattern, or serving him on washday with food which driveth him to the companionship of another woman, to the lodge, a game of poker, or a hootch party; or slay the pedestrian with thy auto, the strap-hanger with thy hat-pin, or thy rival with thy sword-like tongue.

VII. "Thou shalt not commit adultery," in thought, desire or deed by looking at bad pictures, listening to lascivious music, or reading French novels and salacious stories.

VIII. "Thou shalt not steal," thy husband's pocket-book, servant's wages, neighbor's reputation or her husband, or the time and care due thine own children so that thou wonderest why they take joy-rides and pleasures which end in thine own heart-ache and break.

IX. "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor," in public court by careless, malicious, slanderous, gossipy and lying words which like vile serpents hiss and poison all they touch; or in private conversation of thy neighbor's age, family, bank-account and books; or of thine own personal beauty, ability to sing, paint or play and of thy angelic disposition as the only virtue needed to make heaven perfect.

X. "Thou shalt not covet anything that is thy neighbor's," because covetousness is the root of all sin, making woman crave the love which should be altogether another's, leaving her dissatisfied and envious for another woman's husband or home, dress, auto, social position, summer and winter vacations, or position as president of the Ladies' Aid Society, the Woman's Rights Club, or the Organization for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals which sendeth wool blankets to brown babies in India while her own husband in the frigid North wears buttonless shirts and socks with holes which compelleth him to profanely darn.



## JUSTICE

—Q—

*By John D. Stephens*

*When William Howe, a working man, out riding in his jit,  
Decides the limit is too slow—steps on the gas a bit,  
A siren sounds behind him and a cop who will not budge  
Detains him, much against his will, and takes him to the  
judge.*

*The evidence all in, the judge, without a wait or pause,  
Hands out a fierce oration on such disrespect of laws.*

*Then, when he thinks he's said a plenty.*

*Soaks poor Bill fifteen or twenty.*

*But William Jennings Bryan, on his way through Antioch,  
Puts his foot down hard, and chuckles as the boat begins  
to rock*

*And the indicator needle crawls beyond the limit mark;*

*But a hard-boiled motor copper doesn't think much of this  
lark,*

*Stops the speeding in a jiffy, tells him just where to report.*

*"Sorry for this inconvenience, Mr. Bryan," says the Court.*

*He steps down from the bench a-grinning,*

*Shakes Bill's hand, says "Go on spinning!"*

*Then a judge from Tia Juanna, fearing that he may be late  
For an evening appointmennt, speeds her up to thirty-eight  
On the dyke near Chula Vista where a speed cop's trap is  
laid.*

*Zip! A bike speeds up beside him. "Halt!" Another pinch  
is made.*

*The Justice starts a-wond'ring when he sees who's on the  
list,*

*"I may visit his town some day," thinks he, then says, "Case  
dismissed.*



*There's no charge against you brother;*

*Judges all must stand together."*

*Sure, there's justice for the gander and there's justice for  
the goose;*

*But the way the courts apply the same, believe me, beats  
the deuce.*

—Q—

Fred Stone, George Arliss, Jacob Ben Ami and Ted  
Shawn as the bloodhounds.

—Q—

A fellow thinks he's well known on Broadway until he  
tries to cash a check and then he decides to change his mind  
and hire a press-agent.

—Q—

After seeing "The First Year", which is supposed to be  
a comic tragedy of married life, we agree that the "first  
year is always the hardest."

—Q—

"Uncle Tom's Bunkhouse"  
with

William A. Brady as Little Eva,  
Marilynn Miller as Topsy,  
Eddie Cantor as Simon Legree,  
Arnold Daly as Uncle Tom,  
Viola Weller as Eliza.



## GIRLS AND PANTS

—Q—

**W**E had it here in this village a few years back. Had what? Why, the overalls female—the guinea who tried to be “manly” by shovin’ her legs into a pair of masculine britches. Now they have the same “fad” already to string in Boston—they are trying to make it fit in Chicago. Back of it all, will be found but two elements:



The overalls manufacturer who wants to sell a few thousand two-legged skirts and the feminine who is forever bewailing the Fate that prevented them from being males.

The manufacturer never shows his hand in this game of flowing pants, but if you glance quietly over the fence, you will notice that the demand

is always met—the denim trousers are ready for occupancy by the time the giggling simps are worked up to the “I’m ready, bring ’em in” stage.

During the summer season, the jane who would rather show a dimple in a fat leg than a callous on a hand, didn’t mention the “knickerbocker” pants. She was an ardent advocate of the bottomless skirt, nothing above the waist and bare from there up, “style” of summer gown. But the frost season is close at hand and she can’t command the attention of the beach-combers, because that gentry will be hugging the tropical side of a radiator, so she’s out with a clarion call for her simple sisters to join hands in a mad race for the pantaloon plateau.

In Boston, a Miss Domanach seems to have chaperoned



and pioneered the new fad, as she is pictured in an "attitude" calculated to attract the attention of the masculine burro and the brainless jinny; a set of fat legs protruding from the Southern aperture of a pair of masculine pants—said aperture ending just before it got as far down as her knees. Her face is decorated with a smile like one sees on a toothpaste ad; both sleeves rolled to her elbows, a la work, to which I'll bet ten bucks she was never introduced.

"It is said" that "the mayor of Boston has given his official approval to knickers for girls"—which same report proves nothing unless it proves the Boston official approval to be too elastic; the official himself, a bachelor with no daughters of his own or—Well, there's no known law against an "official" admiration for a pair of plump legs.

In Chicago, the "famous knickerbocker girls, Helen Davis and Martha Allen" twittered through the *Tribune's* columns that they wanted to establish the fad of pants-wearing among Chicago's feminine element so badly that they were anxious to have 300 sap-heads take the plunge with them.

Who th' Hel'n blazes are these two young ladies who are so anxious to shove six hundred female legs into the narrow confines of masculine apparel? If the Master Intellect don't know them better than the "Old Man" hereof, there'll be two sweet sisters marked as "missing" when the catalog is closed. But we venture the guess that neither of them ever surged close to the "work or starve" boundary—that neither of them ever engaged in a hand-to-hand combat with a sink full of dirty dishes—that neither of them could make a pancake fit for anything except a barn-door hinge—that neither of them has any more conception of household duties than a Piute squaw—and yet they are bawling their empty heads loose in an effort to persuade



300 of their sisters to don britches and discard the one thing that commands respect for its wearer in every land—the skirt.

Masculinity isn't asking the female portion of the world to go back to the skirt-styles of our ancestors—it isn't pleading with the “eternal feminine” to hide its face or form—but the decent element of it *is* asking that the mothers of our future retain enough of their individuality so they can be distinguished readily from the effeminate sissy-boys whose only imitation of Dad, is an ability to swear and write a par value check; and unless they change or die off within the next generation, the only remaining trait of Dad's they will be possessed of, will be his trait of cussing in four octaves in one minute.

When a girl or woman gets the idea in her noodle that she's increasing man's estimation for herself by encasing her shanks in a pair of pants, she's got into the right chicken-coop but on the wrong roost. A man—*any* man—may oggle and stare at feminine legs, but deep in his heart is a contempt for their owner and a twang of regret that the “dream girl”—unpainted, unrouged and uncamouflaged; just sincere and sweet and unaffected—has, like the Cherokees, become almost extinct.



## GROANS AND GIGGLES

—Q—

He had been out to a little hooch party and after a battle with the latch-key, succeeded in working his way to the bedroom. Wishing to give friend wife a fresh exhibition of pickled-intelligence he reached over unsteadily, picked up a piece of lingerie and waving it aloft, asked with a sickly grin:

"Will you be sho (Hic) kind, as to tell me wheresh you wear thish?"

Without taking the trouble to even look in his direction, his better half replied icily as she turned over for another nap: "If you'd stay at home more you might have a chance to find out."

He crawled quietly into the hay.

—Q—

What is the new version of "Wine, women and song?"

"Wood alcohol, jazz music and 'angel voices.'"

—Q—

Some girls have to be "kidded"—others have to be "orchided."

—Q—

One thing sure, an incubator chick can't talk back at its mother.

—Q—

A cat has nine lives, but a bullfrog "croaks" every night.

—Q—

**Cheaper to Borrow, Etc.**

Gertie:—"Why don't you get a husband?"

Sophia:—"I don't need one. I've a married friend."

—Q—

Some women get divorced so often that they run a charge account with their attorney.

Tom:—"Why is kissing a girl like a bottle of olives?"

Bob:—"Well, you tell it!"

Tom:—"Because, when you get the first one out, the rest come easy."

—G. J. L.



## LUCKIE DENNIS!

—Q—

**L**ET me introduce you to Lady Constance Stewart Richardson of London, England. Yes, Constance is the same one you have in mind—she's the high-brow person who introduced bare-legged dancing into and among the British "nobility."

She is and was "some pumpkins"—socially speaking and otherwise.

British "nobility" (of both sexes) had grown orthodox and stale. It had been content with an occasional heir-to-the-throne escapade and on other rare occasions, a dukely drunk; but it remained for Constance to shake the cobwebs off the mutton-chop lilacs of England's aristocracy.

One evening when there was an exceptionally refined (!) gang of blue-bloods lapping up "'alf and 'alf" some one suggested that Lady Constance should dance a dignified "hoe-down" for a little exercise and the edification of the gang. Being more or less goofy by that time, the bunch yelled "dawnce for us, dearie." Well, dearie "dawnced" all right and some of those old fossils didn't get their lower jaws off their shirt fronts for two entire British weeks.

When she came out on the platform she was barefooted. That seemed "decidedly improper, doncherno" but they all stood pat. She did a few shuffles just to get her bearings, and then she cut loose.

She showed that gang of tipsy buckoos what a pair of bare legs in action looked like. The louder the gang groaned, the higher she kicked. They had to coax her away from the chandeliers in order to save them.

And now Constance is rocking the social boat in London by calmly announcing that she's going to marry Dennis Luckie Matthews, one of the richest bachelors in England. Some folks would call Dennis "Luckie," but if Constance



cracks his dome with a pair of French heels a few times, he'll be appealing to the "Crown" to change his monicker. He'll be twittering that ancient hymn about, "O, Lucky Jim, How I Envy Him." Jim was the first hubby that Constance had but he lost out by trying to argue with a German shell as to which had the right-of-way. They brought all of him they could find, back to England and sang a few songs over it, but it didn't seem to make any difference to Jim.

In addition to her well known ability to shock London society with her "charming" dances, Constance has three children (and a husky income, which I presume she earned by tamping ties along the few rods of English railways!) and peculiar ideas as to how they should be "reared." I presume I should explain that along the higher plateaus of our civilization, they don't "bring up" brats, they "*rear*" 'em—and that's what Constance is doing to her trio: She's rearing them.

If they don't get the t.b. or the ricketts, they will finish this earthly hurdle, completely "sun cured." They are being "reared" in a specially prepared garden; in an atmosphere of quiet, and blamed few clothes. During one entire period (it may be a semicolon for aught I know) they are ousted out of the house, sans everything but a grin—each kid is permitted to retain his or her personal grin, but aside from that, they are under the eye of a "tootor" (tutor) and Old Sol's rays.

O, yes, Lady Constance Stewart Richardson is going to put the matrimonial hobbles on Luckie Dennis, without a doubt and shortly.

"Luckie Dennis?" Well, maybe, but—



## ANY PORT FOR A STORM

—Q—

**A**CCORDING to star-gazers, fellow patriot Paul Gross formerly of the Great Lakes naval training station, is due for a jolt.

When the department checked up one morning, it found Paul minus: he had departed for ports unknown. A few days ago, the police of Newton, Ohio, picked him up. His trail was as plain as the boundary lines of the Mississippi river. It was fairly dotted with wives.

The first town Paul lit in after his departure from the G. L. N. S., he took unto himself a wife. When the parson came to that "till death us do part" stuff, Paul crossed his fingers.

Two days later he bobbed up in another hamlet. He didn't want a job—he wanted a wife. He found one. Again the crossed fingers and again, a few days later, the footwork. He kept this up for almost a year. He was like a woman trying to buy shoes at a bargain sale: She tries on every pair in the establishment and then walks out in her elderly ones. That's what Gross did with his "wives" only he didn't have any old one to start with.

When, at Newton, Ohio, he married the daughter of a game-warden, he started the chimes ringing on his swan-song. His last father-in-law deposited him in the hooch-gow. When he found the jig up, Paul unwound his entire skein of yarn.

He remembered one wife in Newport, Ky., one in Indianapolis, Ind., and another in Louisville, Ky. He said there were something like eight others, but that he had been so busy counting them that he couldn't recall either name or address.

As I remarked—Paul is almost due for a jolt, but instead of packing him away in a cell, he should be given



a medal. It takes about all the nerve the average man can muster, to hitch up with one woman, and when he reads of the matrimonial adventures and plain "ventures" of Paul Gross, his awe at the tar's bravery makes his knees sag.

—Q—

Clara Hamon is married again. Unable to decide at this early date whether to send congratulations or condolences to the "happy man" we have decided to let matters rest as they are—and watch the headlines.

—Q—

Some guy wants to know what is the best night to see "Ladies' Night in a Turkish Bath"—We would suggest Saturday night.

—Q—

President Harding, being a man, occasionally indulges his admiration for "Milady Nicotine" by smoking a cigaret. As soon as the microbes of the "No Tobacco League" learned of his mild "depravity" they resolutely requested a request through their Winona Lake, Ind., convention, asking Harding to cut the smokes as an "example to the youth of America." When Warren G. Harding harkens to the twitter of that gang of intellectual pee-wee's, they'll be serving sawdust sandwiches in the Senate lunch room.



## JUMP ON 'EM TO WAKE 'EM

—Q—

**I**F your wife shows an inclination to lollagag in the arms of Morpheus longer than you think she ought, you might try Bill Krause's method of jarring her loose. I said you might try it—remember when things begin to come your way, that I didn't advise it.

Bill came home one day and found "Frau" Krause



taking an afternoon nap. Being in a playful mood, Bill tiptoed softly across the room until he was in the right position, and then he jumped. He lit square in the middle of his wife's corset. She woke up. Bill laughed heartily. He was never so tickled since he recovered from the measles.

His wife pulled the corset stays out from between her ribs and yelled. Bill thought she wanted more, so, as he had never practiced jumping against a perpendicular object, he did the next best thing:

He swatted her one on the nose. The lady went to sleep again. Bill reached down and touched her wind-pipe with his fingers. He tried to deny this next day in court, but his private Bertillion marks were still visible.

The judge became so interested in the case that he asked several pertinent questions. He wanted to know of Mrs. Bill if the aforesaid date was the only time Bill had used these gentle methods in awakening her. She smiled through the courtplaster and said "Aber nicht."

Once when she was loafing too long in a hospital after an operation that it only took four doctors to do, Bill strolled



in and gave her the high-ball signal. She didn't get it the first time, so Bill leaned lovingly across the cot and shoved his elbow into the side the doctors had been fooling with. She went home with Bill.

One evening, Bill came home feeling exceptionally playful. He wanted to know if Mrs. Bill wouldn't like to stage a nightgown race around eight city blocks while he held time and a butcher's cleaver. She made the eight blocks in "nothing, flat." Bill, to show his appreciation of her effort, let her sleep out under the porch the balance of the night.

The judge laughed heartily (!) at the tale; glanced through his law books and found he couldn't send Bill a hemp necktie via the County Sheriff, so he did the best he could under the circumstances: He gave Bill ninety days out of the best part of a Colorado year.

Mrs. Bill, ungrateful creature, is now suing Bill for a divorce—and after all he did for and to her. Some women are so unappreciative!

—Q—

If "Ac-curacy" of Oklahoma City will razz the menagerie in his sage brush, vamp a few bottles of mange cure and lay off the "Choc" for forty-two minutes, he might interest me. But Bo, "I ain't goin' tew chew no thin soup fer quite a spell after this hickery nut harvest," get me?

—Q—

**O, You Shimmy!**

My girl fell and broke her shoulder. She hasn't been able to dance since.



## A FEMALE SQUANDERER

Q

**W**HEN "Coal Oil Johnny" scattered a measly million or two to the four winds and among the New York chickens, the staid old world gasped and portions of it almost had a stroke of apoplexy.

When "Scotty" Phillipps ripped through the country, leaving a trail of gold dust and green backs in his wake, even Wall Street choked and stuttered with delighted disgust.

These men were pikers, four-flushers, peanut plutocrats. They didn't know what real spending meant. They were kindergarten sports with champagne desires and slough-water fortunes.

Mrs. Smith-Wilkinson lives in London, England—why, I don't know, but that's her hang-out. Some weeks ago, Smith, feminine, took a notion in her head to visit Paris. She did. Paris hasn't quit parley-vooing about it yet.

Until the gay old guinea strode up the main stem of Paris, only her Maker and a few near relations knew she was on earth. After she'd been there three days, everybody on earth, with the possible exception of Kaiser Bill and one traffic copper on the Kansas City force, knew that Mrs. Smith-Wilkinson had more jack than the Bank of England had outstanding notes.

She camped in Paris for twenty-one days and during that time, she dumped 5 million dollars into the itchy palms of the Parisian public. The only thing in Paris that she didn't buy, was water. At the end of her three weeks stay, every Frenchman from the Seine to the furthest outpost on the German frontier, wept himself dry. If the old girl had stuck the summer out, France wouldn't have had any war debt.



When she left H'old H'england, she was so plainly dressed that even the depot porters shied off from toting her "war sack" but when she came home, she had to fight her way through the crowd of panhandling nobility and toadying snobs.

When she left for Paris, her entire wardrobe looked like one she had had wished on her at a five-and-dime bargain sale, but when she returned! say Bo, her dress was trimmed with buttons as big as door knobs, with a diamond in the center of each one, as big as a watermelon blossom; and for fear she couldn't show all the buttons at once, she had the dress made as long as a cowpuncher's tarpaulin and the buttons touched from collar to hem.

She is said to have paid 30 million dollars for the Romanoff crown, but she doesn't intend to wear that until the Bolsheviks quit Bolsheviking so furiously.

She wears a diamond in one front tooth, that glistens like a cat's eye in the gloom of an alley. She has a set of brilliants on each ankle that blinded the "Lunun Tommies" so they fell all over and against each other.

Where does she get the kale? O, someone croaked at, as Wilson was wont to remark, the "psychological moment" and before he had a chance to change his will and the net result of that final croak was some forty-odd "dry hostelrys that produce her enormous income."

"I have longed for the time when I could cut loose," she remarked, and judging from the excited yaps of the Parisian rabble she shore "cut'er loose" alright.

Her latest is to the effect that she will visit little old New York village this winter. If she does, a squint-eyed cripple can see her financial finish. That New York bunch of buccaneers will razoo her out of even her return ticket. She won't get deep enough into the city to glimpse the placid



Potomac. The Goddess of Liberty will be smiling at her when she comes and weeping for her when she reships.

She will have the same chance of lasting all winter among that gang of Eastern financial highwaymen, as a fried chicken would have of lasting throughout the spiritual wrestling match of a Baptist convention.

If I were Bolshevikily inclined, I'd suggest that the British government take mother Smith-Wilkinson by the nape of the neck and the slack of her bloomers and shake enough diamond buttons off her Parisian costume to liquidate a fat slab of the British war debt.

There are bread-lines in England, longer than a telegraph wire—there are a million or more men and women and babies on British soil who never get enough to eat—yet here is an old hen who couldn't command the salary of a kitchen mechanic; who, if thrown on her own resources, would starve in less than sixty days, with a fortune in buttons on one gown; a king's ransom riveted in one tooth; tossing five million smackers into the air—for what?

To satiate her perverted appetite for notoriety. It is such brazen exhibitions of vulgar wealth, such nauseating examples of high-finance and low-intelligence, that are doing more to convert hard-headed thinkers to the doctrine of Lenine-Trotsky, than any other one thing on earth.

—Q—

### Obeying Orders

A visitor, green about army life, walked interestedly to the soldier who was digging a hole.

"Digging a trench, my good man?"

"No," smiled the soldier, sadly, "I'm digging a grave. One of our rookies just passed away. We were on the rifle range and the captain told us to hold our breath while pulling the trigger on the rifle. This lad's rifle was old and rusty, and the trigger stuck, and there you have it."—The American Legion Weekly.



## IN THE JUNGLES OF NEW YORK

**I**T takes several to jolt New Yorkers, but occasionally they get one. A few mornings ago, natives in the neighborhood of Washington Square were jarred out of their hooch-dreams by a barage of shrill yells, gurgles and shrieks. Rushing from their haunts they found the fountain filled with mermaids who dipped and ducked and shivered in the chill morning air. I said, "morning air." Any time's morning after midnight. This seance took place about half way between the spook hour and the milkman's first call.

A bevy of young things were splashing in the cool waters. They attired in bungalow aprons, and what a "bungle—Oh!" those aprons were!

When the wearer hit the water the aprons stayed on top. Nothing could down 'em. The result can't be imagined.

One defunct old sap-head started to call the police. To escape massacre, he finally consented to stand in the front line. The bungalow bathers, it developed, were from a nearby "studio"—they were "models" of undressed kids.

In addition, they were chaperoned by male-escorts, who stood on guard and in shirt sleeves during the bungalow bath. Finally one of the chaperones waded out into the fountain, grasped a shivering bather by the neck and chucked her beneath the aproned waves. She gurgled like an empty jug, though she was as full as a wood-tick. Finally he got tired bending over and she came to the top.

With one yell and a jump, she cleared both fountain rim and floating apron. As she plunged for the street, the crowd parted and she sped away—unhampered by the usual "clinging skirt" or anything else.

Some of the girls still in the damp, sent out wild calls of "Help! Help!"—but as a bystander muttered, "Why the help? they are past that stage—what they need is clothes!"



## A MISSING PARSON

—Q—

**B**OY, page the Rev. W. O. Harrell of Homer, Neb., and page him hard!

Up until a short time ago, Harrell was employed as a pulpit-pounder in the little church at Homer. When village life became too drab to suit him, he would stage a "revival" meeting. As a bull thrower he had few equals, with the result that his "revivals" drew almost as well as a Rung-lung circus.

When the "mourners' bench" wasn't filled to each end, Harrell would roar a little louder and heave a few more brimstone chunks down among the plank seats. That always brought 'em!

Among those who wanted to sit on the highest seat of the Harrell gospel truck, was a farmer's daughter, Hazel Riley, 16 years of age. No coon was ever half as full of chiggers as that kid was of Harrell's revival spirit. She was so full of it, that she fell in love with the pilot, notwithstanding the fact that he was married and a Grand-dad.

She went to live at his home—being a parson, a regularly dedicated and ordained minister, every one in the community thought it "perfectly lovely" for Harrell to take the "child" into his home. It was—for Harrell!

One day Harrell's flivver was missing from its usual haunts. Later on in the same day, Harrell was missed and gradually it dawned on the natives that Miss Riley was A.W.O.L. Harrell's revival had had its effect!

A few days ago a deputy sheriff brought the girl back. They would like to bring the parson back but they can't find him—so, boy, please page Rev. Harrell.

The girl didn't come back in leg-irons or tears. She was very frank in her recital of her affair with the old reprobate.



They had started out to tour the state. Occasionally they would watch the twinkling stars from the rear deck of the Hainry. Once they rambled into Omaha and registered at one of the best hotels. Another night was spent out on the prairie near Fremont, Nebraska.

When they arrived in Hooper, Parson Harrell got a "Divine hunch" and a pair of chilly pedals. When Hazel woke up, Harrell was minus. She hasn't seen him since. Neither have the officers. She doesn't care to—they do.

At the time of the flivver voyage, Harrell's wife was seriously ill in an Omaha hospital—but a trifle like that didn't seem to jar the revivalist at all. He knew who had "paid it all" for him on other occasions and when he'd get to thinking about the lonely sisters back at the old revival tent, he would shrug his shoulders and pray: "Ishkabibble!"

No, I haven't got a club in pickle for the pulpit fraternity. Fact is, I have urged them for years and years to "have a heart"—to stay at home part of the time and give other professional men a chance. In all these years of pleading, I have found but one who heeded my anguished wail and he was past eighty years before he even listened.

But Harrell:

I am prone to believe that somewhere back in the dim past, one of his ancestors must have been a thing with the form of a man, the heart of a jackal, the principle of an ape, morals of a billy goat and the intellect of a gila monster.

A minister, a husband, a father and a grandfather—all these, and yet a ravisher of childhood's innocence!

There ought to be Hell, but as there doesn't seem to be, the next best thing would be a sturdy raw-hide whip, a bucket of hot tar and a "move on" notice—when they catch him.



## CIGARETTES AND CHIN WHISKERS

—Q—



FRENCH "scientist" has made the startling discovery that lapping up hooch and furnishing the draft for a cork-tip conflagration, is productive of chin whiskers. In brief, the damsel or dame who gurgles the seductive moonshine and inhales the fragrant aroma of a "pill" is doomed to rear a full set of lilacs—in time, some time.

There's something about the odor of "white-line" that tantalizes an anaemic hair follicle into crawling airward; and when the jag-juice is reinforced by the smell of a pallid stogie, the dainty little whisker simply spurts for the "home face."

Unless science is running wildly down a blind alley, it will not be necessary, two generations hence, to "smell'er breath" in order to detect the evidence of a near-by decant-er. All one will have to do is to rub one ungloved mitt caressingly across her chin. If the sensation is the same or similar to fondling a tangle of pagan cactus, then one understands without further investigation that the object of his affection belongs to the "Lick'em-up" club.

On the other hand, if the caressed chin feels like a fist full of peach hide, then it will be perfectly proper to make the measure for the diamond ring; look through the catalogs for the next year's models of matrimonial fruit baskets and trundle beds, and otherwise act like a boob.

But, as an offset to the scientist's assertion, one of the world's foremost "beauty specialists"—one who has had 30 years experience as a feminine whisker eradicator, comes out with the merry ha-ha.

"It's all the bunc," she declares, "this chatter about the use of liquor and cigarettes by women, producing a crop of whiskers. Why, if we have good luck, and the planets



don't get ugly, in twenty-nine centuries from date, a woman with a bunch of spinach on her chin or an upper lip that looks like an heirloom door mat, will be looked upon with the same degree of curiosity as we now view a man who isn't looking for a drink of "gray-mule."

—Q—

We will now warble that new, though eccentric ballad, entitled: "Twenty legs Under the Sea."

—Q—

She:—"Did you ever go with a police-woman?"

He:—"Yes, but not willingly."

—Q—

Every time the average man spits, it looks like "Lux."

—Q—

Charlie:—"Can you dig me up a girl for tonight, old chap?"

Bill:—"Sure! But why not take a live one?"

—Q—

If Edison's latest invention can get in touch with some "Spirits of '76" we'll take two cases.

—Q—

She:—"When coming over on the ship, I had a very exciting experience."

He:—"What was it?"

She:—"Well, one of the mates rushed into my state-room one night and declared he would blow up the ship if I didn't give him a kiss."

He:—"And what did you do?"

She:—"I saved four hundred passengers."


—Q—

A woman marries a man for his money; divorces him for alimony and outlives him for his life insurance.



## PEGGY, AGAIN IT'S PEG!

—Q—

UST about the time the American public had begun to hope that Peggy Joyce had fallen in the Atlantic ocean, out pops the "news" of her latest escapade, on the front page of half the American dailies—which same leads me to:

Almost every city of size or ambition in the country, has, within its territory, an individual of one sex or another who is either officially or self-appointed as a "moral guardian" and a censor of the public's literature. Paper or periodical that snaps the English language like a bull-whacker snaps a twenty foot lash, throws these sanctimonious simpletons into frenzies of wrath; but there isn't a scandal, not matter how rotten, that occurs among the semi-aristocracy, that isn't spread-eagled on the front page of every big daily in the United States. Yet these lantern-jawed jackasses yap out no protest against the scare-head-line scandal features of these "great moral journals." And, by the same token, there isn't a smaller publication in the United States whose editor would sink low enough to publish the details of sex-filth such as appears daily and hourly in regular and extra editions of these same "great moral journals."

Peggy Joyce was recently reported to have "eloped" with Henri Letellier, one of the richest men in France and the bucko who was mentioned in no complimentary language in the divorce proceeding at which J. Stanley Joyce managed to slide the skids under the slattern, Peggy.

Old Peg had gone to France after she had been dragged back and forth through the divorce courts and daily press of this country; and one day she didn't show up at her accustomed haunts and didn't answer the door bell of her



apartment at the Hotel Majestic, Paris, when the customary horde of social perverts made their daily call.

The class of hop-heads of which Peggy is such a gorgeous example, jumped at the conclusion that she had eloped with Frenchy Hank, but they were mistaken. Hank wasn't in a condition to elope with anything except an ice water pitcher. He had attempted, two nights before, to uphold his reputation as a "son (-of-a-gun) of France" and his standing as a Bacchanalian Brigadier, with the usual result:—

He didn't have a hat in his entire collection that he could drive his head into.

But a "press correspondent" got an earful of the half-stewed, gossipy chatter and he rushed for the cable office.

Every Saphonic act of a moneyed libertine, is considered "news" worth any cable charge—not news to the worth-while portion of the human race, but "news" to the of-no-worth element of our very best.

The next day our native dailies front-paged the elopement of Peg and Hank. The following day they front paged a denial of the "rumor"—a denial furnished by old painted-face herself.

"Henri is nothing in my sweet young life" she gurgled, "I've only seen him for five minutes since my arrival in France"—which same must also be classed as "news" to the American snobility. The sane minority, however, will gain the impression that old Henri has changed his ways or lost his kale, if Peg Hopkins-Joyce let him get by with only a five minute session.



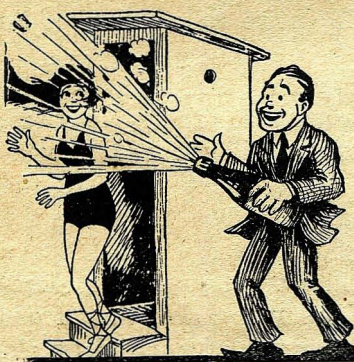
## HERE'S HOPING!

—Q—

**T**ERE you stopping at the *Ritz Carlton*, Atlantic City, N. J., on the Eighth of August, Rufus? No! Then you missed it.

Hope Hampton, "screen beauty," hopped off from the Ritz veranda (or hitching rack or whatever the devil they call those highfalutin' dinguses between the dining room table and the briny surf) hopped off in a one-piece bathing suit and to the tune of a champagne spray.

It happened about like this:



try one out. She had a bathing suit of one very small piece of seal skin—genuine, caught somewhere between the Bay of Biscay and Hoboken. It was guaranteed not to shrink when wet nor unglue when tucked in with her manicure set.

Exactly what percentage of Hope's plump anatomy it covered, we are not prepared to state, but it wasn't any too large—we mean the suit.

For her to have attempted the journey from the Ritz front porch to the naughty wavelets, would have resulted in disaster, for the entire police force were on display. In fact the mayor had declared himself a vacation and armed with a bottle of champagne, was standing by to see that no



plump bare legs went shimmying over the sand. But he slipped a cog.

The landlord backed a bath house on wheels up against a side door, Hope hopped into it and a nigger cuspidor wrangler started trundling it toward the beach. The mayor grew suspicious (or was it anxious?) and followed close behind. Just as the first wave splattered against the nigger's feet, Hope swung the door open and hit for the wet.

The mayor yelled, yanked on the corkscrew and shot the stuff that makes Volstead throw fits, all over Hope's bare back. But it didn't stop her! She tore into the surf like an angry bull into a red blanket.

The mayor dropped the empty bottle, stuck the corkscrew back in his pocket and started with the crowd. Sure the crowd was there! Did you think a pair of bare legs sticking through a seal skin bathing tog could get under cover at Atlantic City without a crowd gathering?

Any Atlantic City crowd is wild, but the crowd that escorted Hope and her seal skin bloomers through the surf-guard line, was worse than usual. It got wet to its necks, but it kept right on. It rushed Hope off her feet. It jammed her through the last row of ropes and pushed her into the "big swell" locality. Right there's where Hope came near turning mermaid. Her one-piece seal skin wasn't a "floater." It was loaded with and for "bear."

A life guard finally fished her out and some day, perhaps, you may see her "screening" in that little fuzzy girdle; you may even see the mayor of Atlantic City, yanking frantically on a corkscrew; you might possibly get a squint at the volley of imported wine, but by no means, Brother, will you ever get a smell—it's against the law to even sniff the stuff—but, Bobby, it's perfectly all right to squirt a quart of it over the bare back of a "screen beauty." Well, here's hopin'—the mayor had another bottle in the ice box.



## OPPORTUNITIES OF WAR

—Q—

**W**HEN the German male workers got rid of the Kaiser, they thought they had all the chiggers dug out of their economic hide—but they hadn't.

When noses were counted at the close of the war, it was found that there were more ladies than men. Male heads went up and female spirits went down. Things have changed—even in Germany.

The demand for war-widows is greater and more insistent than the demand for work. Mind you, a war-widow with no liabilities other than a memory and with assets in the shape of an income, a cozy flat and a well stocked pantry, isn't to be sneezed at—in other countries than Germany and in the land of one-K Bill, no male buck sneezes.

By the time Hans grows a corn where the buckle on his trouser front chafes against his spine, he isn't in the mood to hunt for beauty and social standing—all he feels like hunting is a chance to shove his pedals under a well-stocked dining room table. He doesn't care what the other occupant of the mattress resembles, all he wants is "chuck"—corn beef and cabbage; maybe a hot dog and a tureen of sauerkraut.

When a German war-widow who is known to have matrimonial aspirations and a suite of rooms with a kitchenette, starts strolling down the main stem of a German village, the fun starts. In ten minutes the village looks like a New England hamlet used to after Coxey's army of bums had lit on its commons. Six minutes later, there's a fight on every corner and a few scattered through the middle of the block.

If the widow doesn't hit for home before the *mele* becomes general, she's usually married and dishing out hash to the new star boarder before sundown.



Now that the peace treaty is an accomplished fact, we may expect the rate of exchange to go higher—the rate for exchanging a well-fed war-widow's opportunity and ice-box, for a full grown appetite and a one legged "hero."

—Q—

When Lord Northcliffe was visiting through the Eastern states recently, some inquisitive cuss asked him what he thought about prohibition. His "Ludship" ran another eye-winker through the loop of his monocle and replied:

"Take me to it and I'll tell you how I like it." They couldn't—back East. They should have brought him out to Minnesota and turned him loose in Cong. Volstead's district. It only takes one snort of the Seventh District stuff to make any man want to swear off.

—Q—

### THE EDITOR'S TROUBLES

—Q—

Most any man can be an editor. All the editor has to do is to sit at his desk six days a week, four weeks in a month and 12 months in a year and edit such stuff as this:

Mrs. Jones, of Cactus Creek, let a can-opener slip last week and cut her in the pantry. Joe Doe climbed on the roof of his house last week looking for a leak and fell, landing on his back porch. While Harold Green was escorting Miss Violet Wise from the church social last Sabbath night a savage dog attacked them and bit Mr. Green on the public square. Mr. Frang, while harnessing a broncho last Saturday, was kicked just south of his corn crib.—Yarmouth Light.

—Q—

Professor Garner reports that the female ape says "Moo-hoo," and the male ape replies "Wahoo." Evolution doesn't appear to have carried us very far. A chap on the moonlit beach last night said, "Whose is oo?" and the girl replied, "It's oo's."—San Francisco Chronicle.



## TWO INCHES OF RAW NECK

—Q—

**S**OME one should take old Glenn Voliva firmly by the chin whiskers and megaphone the message to him, that he's out of date, that he's got bubbles in his think-tank—break it easy, but make him savey, that he's an entire banquet for the squirrel tribe.

If he'd got an earlier start and the Federal Government, ably assisted by Father Time, hadn't interfered with his plans, old Brigham Young, another nutt, would have beat King Solomon at his own game.

Voliva is the exact replica of old Brig., only he isn't. Brigham wanted to see how many women he could marry without having the knot tied in bunches, while Voliva wants to see how many women married to other men, he can boss around and not get kicked in two.

Mrs. Elizabeth Naden of Voliva's bailiwick, started downtown one day last month, with about two inches of her raw neck projecting through her dress collar.

One of old whiskers' coppers saw the unbandaged neck and promptly haled Mrs. Naden to the "Judge" who is always the long whiskered blatherskite, Voliva.

The king bamboozler of the present century, took one long lingering look—and then he roared. He was so dammad that his lilacs stood out like the mesquite hedge on a Lenine warrior. In a voice that fairly shook with rage (or the contortions of a bilious liver) he declared that Mrs. Naden's dress was "cut so low as to *partially* show or expose the neck and shoulders of the wearer lower than the juncture of the pit of the neck with the clavicle or collar bone."

Can a sane man imagine that old troglodyte's effort to be shocked because he actually *saw* the aforesaid section of a woman's neck?

And then he started out to condemn such "improper



exposures." Such vulgar exposure was, in Voliva's estimation, "immodest, indecent, suggestive of low, vicious morals and tending to *debauch* the innocence and purity and degrade the best interests of society if worn in public or in places within the public view."

O Tempora! O Mores! O Hell!

That old shyster's mind must be a cesspool, for a mind that is one-hundredth part clean—a mind that contained one white spot no bigger than the "pupil" of a gnat's eye; the balance blacker than the hide of a Guinea nigger—could see nothing unclean, indecent nor suggestive in the exposure of a woman's neck, even though it stuck out, as Voliva declares Mrs. Naden's did: farther than "the juncture of the pit of the neck with the clavicle."

One thing is sure and certain:

If that old buck ever goes to Paris for just one "wild night" he'll die of heart failure, for two inches of a raw neck will be the tameest thing he'll see.

—Q—

Mrs. Berryl Troy, while the guest of the Denver police at the County hospital, took French leave of her hosts and, if press reports are true, that's about all she did take: just the French leave. Her wearing apparel locked up in a vault, Berryl, discarded her nighty and vamoosed. After long deliberation, the police advanced the opinion that Berryl made her escape garbed in nothing but an anxious look and she wore that on her face.

—Q—

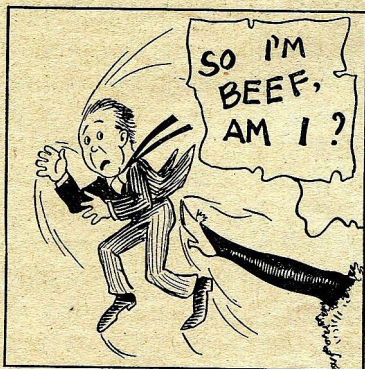
And it's to be the "wasp-waist" next! Well, if the surcingle is more than two inches wide, some of 'em will refuse to wear it, because it will extend below the bottom of the "skirt" and above the "waste" line.



## BIPED BEEF

—Q—

**I** 'VE heard of a boob who could extend his neck eight inches beyond the upper boundary of his celluloid collar, but until I read the breathless effusion of Mrs. Laura E. Small, one-time editoress of "The World's Journal of Philosophy" I didn't know that a man existed who had an extension "consciousness." It must work some-



thing like one of those elongated and alleged telescopes that one wins by devouring six tons of chewing gum in as many weeks.

Laura E., so it appears, is a highly sensitized chunk of humanity, for she claims to be in perfect and constant communication with Venus through a sort of "cosmic" wireless—and any guinea who can wiggle her digits wildly enough to gossip with a star steen billion miles away, is "some" wireless.

Laura made the one bumper mistake of her esthetic career when she let Ed Small lead her to the matrimonial hitching rack. But she did and she admits it was all a mistake, so she's asking the courts to correct it, instead of using her cosmic power to shake old Ed off the bracket.

"My husband," she twitters, "looks upon woman merely as so many pounds of beef" from which we are led to believe that Ed didn't like raw beef for a steady diet and occasionally *roasted his domestic supply*. If such was the case, it is highly possible that the roasting process threw a wrench into the delicate machinery of Laura's cosmic wireless and made it stutter.



In rehearsing the faults of her hubby, Ed, she says in a few stanzas: "As for me, I am a firm believer in the extension of consciousness. Anybody can extend consciousness"—anybody except Ed.

Probably he had one of the oldfashioned kind that didn't have hinges in it! At any rate, that dodgasted non-extension consciousness of Ed's got Laura's esthetic angora and she ripped him up the back in her divorce manuscript—told about all of his faults and none of his virtues. "If I should tell all I know about Edward Small's doings, he would be imprisoned" she declares, from which we opine Ed was a tough old hombre, when at home and out of his latitude when away.

That Laura E. is eminently qualified for a membership in the nearest Ananias club, she proves by her statement that she has "discovered the key to the riddle of the Sphinx and unveiled Isis."

I'll lay ten on the red that while she thinks she has discovered the mystery of the Sphinx, that she hasn't discovered the secret process of making soda biscuits and as for jerking the veil off of Isis, she had better be careful who she's uncovering or the society of Prudes will have her in court for contributing to the delinquency of the public's morals.

Now, Ed Small may be a hard-boiled old rascal—maybe he considers Laura E.'s carcass as "so much beef," but I'm going to roll a few logs of Laura's linguistic lingo out on the skidway and let you judge Ed as you watch 'em slide down:

"All bodies, whether animal, vegetable or mineral, live in and are supported by an universal etheric fluid of double polarity which resembles and is the parent of electricity." There are several verses more (not including the chorus) but we'll let them slide,



In her blanket description of "all bodies" I wonder did Laura include cooties? Ask any A. E. F. buck private that question and then step back away from the fireworks. And I am prone to wonder, in my glorious ignorance, if, by "etheric fluid," Laura meant the first few months of prohibition's "gray mule" product—the kind that hooch specialists said ran heavy to "ether" and undertaker fees?

The more I read of Laura E.'s esthetic gibberish, the more I am inclined to think that Ed was damlucky to get away when he did. If I had a "helpmeet" who would dish out that line of bulcon and balderdash along with my canned dinner, I'd fill both her hip pockets with dynamite caps and then push her down stairs.

The Lord gave Job an awful rimming with his boils and bedbugs, and brave, patient old Job stood the gaff without a whimper, but if his Lord had stuck a Laura E. burr under his blanket, the Devil would have won that ancient bet.

—Q—

Ten thousand Jews  
Are selling Booze  
Without the State's permission  
To supply the needs of a million Swedes  
Who voted prohibition.

—Jolly Elk.

—Q—

Mr. Sophtie—"Well, Willie, your sister has given herself to me for a Christmas present. What do you think of that?"

Willie—"That's what she did for Mr. Bunker last year, and he gave her back before Easter. I expect you'll do the same."—London Tit-Bits.



## A "NOBLE" HIGH-KICKER

—Q—



HERE was a wild chattering of the Hutchins clan over in Paris, when the only member of the family with a handle to her name, expressed a determination to do the "bare dance" in a French opera.

Seventeen year old Countess Lastazzi, formerly Selange Hutchins, had been badly chewed up by the "stage bug" and she wanted to see how high she could kick and get a cheer for it instead of a dislocated neck.

When she sprung the blue-print of her aspirations on Ma Hutch, that old bird almost fell in a swoon. There had been high-rollers in the Hutch family for all its generations, but never one who wanted to kick a tinkle out of the chandeliers in public and no clothes.

The Countess was obdurate. She declared that the heels she intended tossing against the ceiling were her own property and defied the Hutch family to stop her. The authorities were appealed to. A pair of "noble" heels went skyward just the same.

The less clothing worn at the Bacchanalian dances of "The Folies" the louder the cheers from the gang. Selange, Countess Lastazzi, had 'em all yelling. There wasn't more than a dozen Frogs in Paris next day who could issue a verbal order for a cocktail—they had to wig-wag the hi-sign to the bar-boy.

Ma Hutch was in tears, Dad in a rage and Selange in an ecstasy of joy. She had "shown" Parisians—a nifty set of shanks and had done more to put the Hutch family on the map than Pater Hutch had accomplished with all his jack and "keen business acumen."



## CUSTARD-PIE CHARLIE'S CHICKEN

—Q—



USTARD-PIE Chaplin drifted into New York City not long ago. He was sober and sorry of it. He had the desire, but not the appetite. His physician had told him to lay-off the hooch and lay in a supply of bilge water.

To the unsophisticated I will explain that bilge water is the mixture of sea salt and sewage that swishes around inside the bottom of every ship. It looks like the contents of a tanner's vat and smells like mule carrion that has been odorized by perfume de skunk—I don't know what it tastes like, never having been as drunk as Chaplin evidently had been just prior to the occasion of which I write.

To the bunch of mild-eyed reporters who rushed to greet him, Chas., waved a weary hand as they chided him for lapping up bilge juice when the hooch was so plainly evident. He had indigestion, he explained and was irrigating his in'ards with the anti liquid—against his will and at the doctor's orders. But his traveling companion wasn't afflicted with any such complaint.

She was lit up like a Polish church—piped to the eye-winkers and painted until she'd have turned an Apache warrior green with envy. Occasionally Chaplin would roll his eyes toward her painted face and wine-sap eyes. Once a reporter caught him at it (for the steenth time) and in an endeavor to break the oggling-spell enquired if Chaplin "believed in God."

Chas. took another swig of bilge compound and replied: "No! "Then smiling at the giddy thing across the table he continued: "That's it."

Well, old Custard isn't alone in his religious opinion that a female Deity, even if she is pickled, can stand a lot of worship and never bat an eye.



But, let's see:—Isn't it Chaplin who was remarried to a dashing beauty some few months ago? Well, it sure couldn't have been that lady in his company this evening—he didn't use the proper language.

As the girl crawled outside her seventh high-ball, Charlie gulped down another slug of bilge and leaning half across the table, stuttered through the brine: "And to think you were in Los Angeles all last winter and I didn't know it!" Sad, wasn't it?

A married biped, with his tank like the hold of a tramp steamer, declaring that his only God was a painted chicken and a stewed one at that!

"How did the hooch happen to be dripping by the glassful down the chicken's neck?" did I hear you ask.

Dear one, the Eighteenth Amendment emphatically and effectually prohibits the consumption of booze in any form—but to the man with the kale, the hooch supply is never afflicted with anti-consumption. Prohibition prohibits but it doesn't prevent any one—except the guy who never has a dime more than the price of a pork chop—from tanking up at any time, at any place and at every opportunity.

Chaplin has the kale, the disposition and the chicken. The gullible public provided the first; the Creator equipped him with the second and the Fool-killer let him grab off the last.

"I love to wallow in my own misery" Charles moaned to the select circle of saps. If the public had let him wallow in that and his custard pies, perhaps he wouldn't have whined:

"And to think you were there all winter, and I didn't know it."

Some one ought to take that freak out back of the barn and hammer an idea into his ivory dome.



## IT CAN'T BE DONE

**S**CIENCE has made it possible to fathom secrets thought unfathomable, but not even science has been able to fathom a woman's mind.

Mrs. Dorothy Percy of San Francisco was recently granted a divorce (and of course, alimony) from Percy and upon the most flimsy grounds.

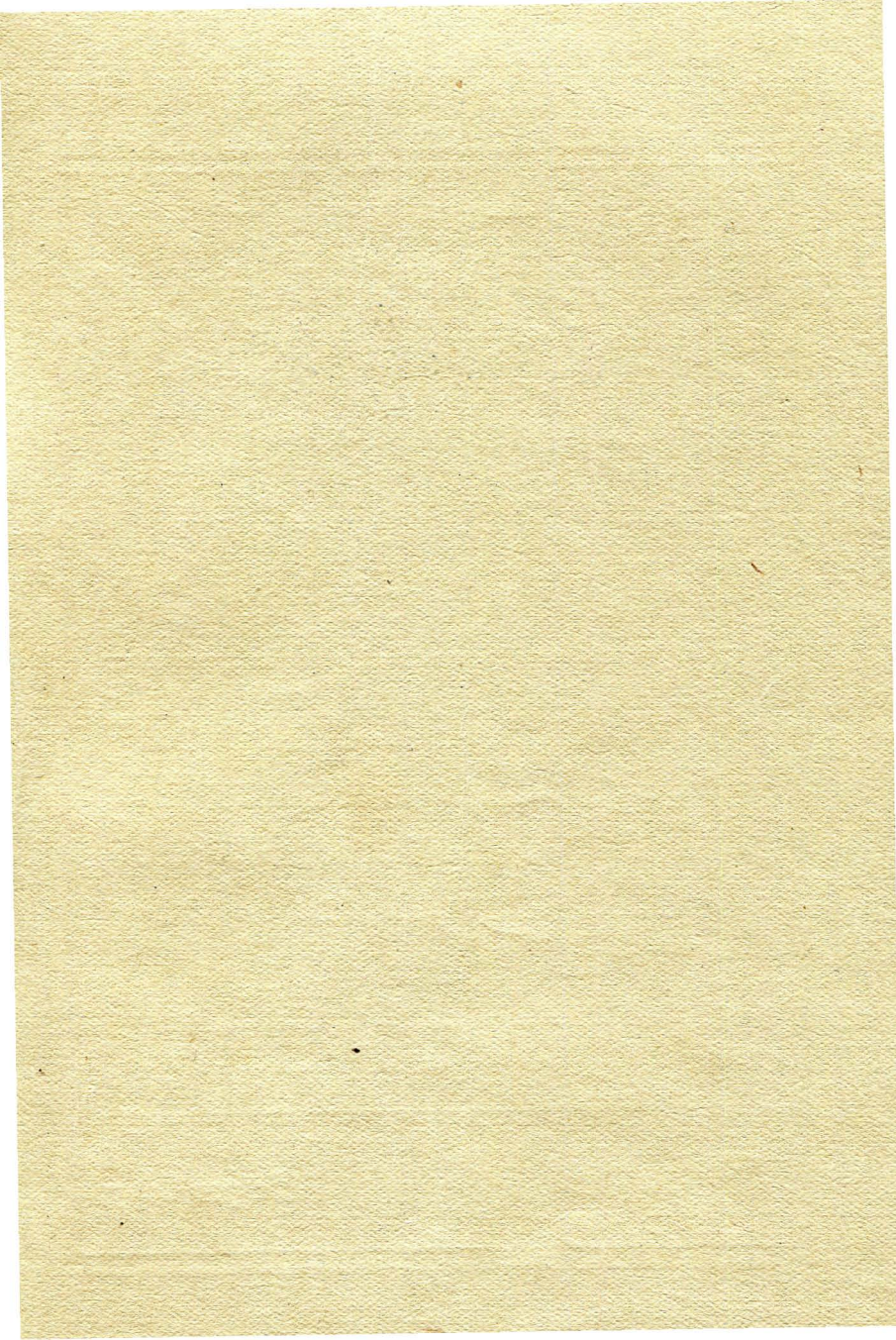
All Percy had done to win her disfavor, was to sap-up on her some twenty-five times during a period of marital relationship that had extended over a year and a half—seventeen months and three weeks, to be accurate. A woman who would ditch a life-partner who only batted her for twenty-five “home runs” in *that* many months, must have an awfully disagreeable disposition!

Percy would come home, so she testified, and do a little “shadow boxing”—with her jaw for a screen. Once he didn't gauge his distance and as a result, skinned his knuckle on her front teeth. She lost two of them—never did find them and Percy's mitt hurt him all that night. Ever after, he steered clear of her jaw. Teeth cost too much and besides there was plenty of other places to wallop. When the judge asked her how many times Percy had used her for a punching bag, she replied that she didn't know exactly, as she had lost interest after the twenty-fifth licking, and didn't try to keep a correct account.

In order, I suppose, to keep Percy from mangling his hands beyond hope of repair, the judge granted his wife full judicial permission to ride the range alone, but he tipped Percy over for a “right smart bit” of filthy lucre and dubbed it “alimony.”

If Percy doesn't make the mistake next time of getting a wife who gets peeved every twenty-fifth time he swats her on the kisser, the chances are that in time he will accumulate quite a punch.







# *November Quirt*

On Sale October 20

---

In this edition you will  
find more hearty laughs  
than you ever thought  
could be jammed be-  
tween

***TWO COVERS***

---

All Live Newsdealers

25c per Copy